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USEFUL KNOWLEDGE ACQUIRED ONLY BY REFLECTION.

HOWEVER extensive may be our acquaintance with books, let us remember, that book-knowledge is a "rude, unprofitable mass," until it is moulded and fashioned by patient meditation; that it is "the mere materials with which wisdom builds, and does but encumber whom it seems to enrich, until it is smoothed and squared and fitted to its place." It is reading, says Lord Bacon, which makes a full man; it is thinking, allow me to add, which makes a wise man. Your reading is the food of the mind, but unless it is digested and assimilated, it avails little to mental health and activity. The mind abhors a vacuum no less than the body, and like the body too, becomes torpid under the oppression of a constant plethora. The frequent repletion of the stomach may impart for a time an unnatural vigor and stimulate to unnatural efforts, but ultimately engenders vicious humours which terminate in fatal distempers. Moderate meals which go into the circulation and become incorporated with the system contribute more to the growth and energy of the body than a constant state of plethoric fulness. But to drop this rather vulgar but apposite simile, I would repeat what has been said a thousand times before, because it is so true that a single volume well conned over, understood and appropriated as our own, strengthens and enriches the mind more than running through a dozen octavos in the superficial

way which is so common among young readers. Let us rectify then that sickly, disordered appetite which seeks its gratifications only in variety and abundance. Let us restrain that restless, excursive curiosity, which is ever tempting us aside from the straight-forward path of systematic effort; let our ripening judgments cure the youthful mania for reading *many* books, and teach us not to estimate the profits of a journey by the despatch with which it is accomplished, but by the increase which it may have made to our slender stock of knowledge. But I would not utterly proscribe light reading, nor forbid an occasional digression from that course of more serious reading, which, in order to be profitable, must be accompanied with close thinking. These hints are designed more especially for that class of unaided miscellaneous readers, who, "too weak to bear the insupportable fatigue of thought, swallow without pause or choice the total grist unsifted, husks and all." A reader of this description, it is true, may accumulate scraps and fragments of knowledge, but will seldom obtain comprehensive views of any *system* of truth. His mind is a warehouse, filled indeed with valuable merchandize, but so confusedly huddled together, that you cannot find two articles of the same kind in one place. While, on the other hand, the youth who has not suffered himself to range at large in the wide field of knowledge, but resolutely confined his attention to a definite portion, until he has contemplated every prominent truth under all the aspects and bearings in which different points of close observation may present it, the furniture of such a mind is the merchandise of this same warehouse, packed in bales ready for sale or shipment.

ESSAY.

PLEASURES OF PIETY.

The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

DAVID.

THE benevolent Parent of the universe has conferred on us capacities for deriving pleasure through the me

dium of all the senses, and from most of the objects of sense. From the sight and hearing, the touch, the taste, and the smell, a thousand pleasurable sensations are conveyed to the mind. But the man without reflection has these pleasures only in common with the animal world around him. The less our mental powers are exercised, the less mankind rise above the brutes that perish. The cultivation of man's intellectual powers, opens new sources of pleasures from the same objects of sense. The eye is delighted with proportions and the ear is charmed with harmony, in a taste cultivated for the discernment and relish of such pleasures. The astronomer and philosopher, in the expansion of their intellectual powers, derive pleasures from the sublime and the beautiful in nature, to which the uncultivated mind is a stranger. Now the truly pious man may in proportion as his mind is cultivated enjoy all these pleasures of sense and of intellect which can be innocently enjoyed as well as an other man. And in addition to these he may possess more exalted pleasures in viewing God in every one of his works and ways. To him the works of the Lord always seem great, for he is exploring them in search of that wisdom, power, and goodness, which they all display, and thus new sources of rational, sublime, and elevated pleasures are opened to him.

This is the leading thought in our motto, which we shall attempt to expand and illustrate.

Contemplate the pious child, whose heart is warmed with love to God, and who, through faithful parental instruction accompanied by the power of Divine grace, has learned to trace his Maker's presence and perfections every where. In common with other children, his eyes and his ears drink in delight from beholding the flowers which adorn the landscape, and from hearing the singing of birds, which attends the morning twilight. But how much superior is his delight, when he views God as painting every flower he sees, and tuning the melody of the groves to their Maker's praise for the light of a new morning. In common with other children he relishes his food, and enjoys the carresses

of his kind friends: but his pleasures are much enhanced when he traces the goodness of God in awaking him from his slumbers, providing him food and raiment, and exciting all the kind affections and offices which he enjoys from earthly friends. To trace all these to the hand of a Heavenly Father, how delightful!

Children, here are sources of rational and exalted pleasures opened before you every day and every where, if your hearts did but love God and delight in viewing his perfections. No person and no circumstance while your reason remained could deprive you of these pleasures; they are innocent and multiplied, they refine and refresh the immortal soul.

Behold the pious husbandman at his labour. In common with his undevout neighbours, he takes delight in seeing the earth clad in luxuriant vegetation, the sun shining in his strength, or the gentle showers descending, and causing the fields to smile with plenty. But he has sublimer pleasures than they, in reflecting that, God causeth the grass to grow for the cattle and bread which strengtheneth man's heart; that his all-pervading energy and goodness are manifested in the sun-shine and the showers which cause his crops to spring, and grow, and ripen. He has pleasures more elevated than merely that his own store-house is filled with plenty and his own heart with food and gladness. He rejoices in beholding Divine goodness supplying the diversified wants of the myriads of creatures whose eyes wait on him that they may receive their meat in due season. The pious mind, though not highly cultivated, has boundless sources of pleasure opened before it in the kingdoms of nature and of Providence. When God is seen in the daily objects of sense, when his power and his goodness are recognized in the gentle breeze and in the violent tempest, in upholding the falling sparrow and watching over the hairs of our heads; what satisfaction these reflections can afford to the soul that delights in God. How sweet to reflect that a heavenly Father of such power and goodness cannot be at a loss for means of supplying every temporal necessity of his children.

When the Botanist examines the vegetable world and discovers the wonderful economy which is manifested in the manner in which plants and shrubs and trees derive nourishment from the earth and the air, and observes how the same soil, and heat, and moisture produce different colours, tastes, and qualities in the vegetable kingdom, he finds admiration and pleasure attend his researches in this department of science. But if his heart is warmed with love to God, his pleasures are increased an hundred fold, in tracing his Maker's hand in the diversified beauty and utility of every one object which falls under his observation. Great wisdom and goodness which escape the vulgar and undevout eye, meet him at every step of his progress in acquiring knowledge of the vegetable kingdom. The more minute his researches, the more profound his admiration.

Similar results attend the Anatomist's investigations of the human body. He finds every part in its proper place, adapted to its particular office. The different parts of the eye are all adapted to the purposes of vision, near and remote, with greater and less degrees of light. The same adaptation to their proper offices is manifested in the other organs of sense; while the whole internal structure combines symmetry and utility in the most wonderful manner. If pleasure attends the examination of a curious piece of mechanism, higher pleasures must attend the examination of the mechanism of man. But the pious anatomist, at every step, feels the force of the Psalmist's exclamation, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." To consider the formation and preservation of man as the work of an all-pervading, all-powerful, and all-perfect Deity opens a delightful and extended field of sublime pleasures. *New* confidence in the wisdom and goodness of God is spontaneously arising.

When the Astronomer lifts his eyes to the luminaries of heaven, essays to count their number, to measure their magnitudes and distances, and calculate their motions, and finds such order and regularity pervading them all, he can hardly fail of deriving pleasure from every observation he takes. But when he contemplates them

as the work of a God whose being, perfections, and government he loves; what sublime pleasures must arise. To such a mind what pleasure it gives to reflect that God spread out the heavens as a curtain, that the moon and the stars are the work of his fingers, that he calls them all by their names and guides their every motion. To the Christian philosopher, what are called the laws of nature are seen to be only the uniformity with which the all-pervading energy of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, operates in conducting the stupendous operations of his providence.

His mind is indeed filled with conceptions of the multiplicity and magnitude and immensity of Jehovah's works, which he is incapable of expressing. Yet he feels that the *great* and *dreadful* God is so full of condescension as to regard the least work of his hands—that while his eye and his hand are extended over the whole of his dominions, they are as immediately present to each creature and as mindful of each circumstance, as though no other creature or event was subject to Divine inspection. And when it is felt that the God who rolls the stars in their courses, is the friend and Father of every soul that is his friend and rejoices in his works, there are pleasures resulting from this thought which none can know but those who have tasted them.

Whether the mind be more or less cultivated by science, if the heart is devoutly warmed with supreme love for God, and seeks a more intimate knowledge of him from all his works—the kingdom of Providence will constantly afford it sublime sources of pleasure. To contemplate the good hand of God watching over us in the helpless moments of infancy, guarding us amidst the dangers of childhood and guiding us through the snares of youth, afford to truly grateful souls rational pleasures, of which none can deprive us. To trace God's hand in every circumstance of our lives conferring all our comforts, ordering all our concerns, and mercifully inflicting all the chastisements we feel; gives a higher relish to prosperity and sweetens every cup of adversity which we are called to drink. When God is seen in every thing and his government loved in

every providence, the whole surrounding scenery is changed and every providence is welcome as manifesting a wisdom which cannot err, a power which cannot be controlled, and goodness which is boundless.

But the greatest works of the Lord, and those which afford the truly pious mind its most exalted pleasures, have not yet been named. They are the works of Redeeming love and mercy. To view this world as a scene where the most stupendous displays of Divine justice and compassion have been made in the incarnation, sufferings, and death of the Lamb of God, gives a new interest to every object we behold. In the glass of Revelations the pious mind beholds the noblest end for which this lower world was made—there it discovers Divine wisdom in the permission of sin, that its guilt and enormity might be displayed, the glory of Divine justice and the riches of Heavenly mercy, in its punishment or pardon. Here are great works of the Lord which are sought out by all those who have pleasure therein. The whole history of redemption displays stupendous works of Jehovah which the pious mind delights to trace. These are so numerous and diversified that time is too short to enumerate them all, and eternity itself, will be none too long to celebrate the high praises of God which these works demand. Every one of the doctrines, precepts, warnings, and promises of the Bible affords a new source of pleasure to the pious mind. These afford occasions for social enjoyment and for the pleasures of retirement. Whether in company or alone, lying down and rising up, in health or in sickness, here is a foundation laid for rational and sublime pleasures which the world can neither give nor take away. Every topic of the Bible relating to the fall and the recovery of man, the purity and mercy of God, the character, offices and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, assumes an indescribable interest and affords the highest pleasures to the spiritual mind: Because God is every where seen and acknowledged, and his wisdom, justice, compassion, and covenant faithfulness is traced.

Here our subject almost constrains us to infer—How mistaken are those who consider religion calculated to

make persons gloomy and unhappy. Instead of doing this, we have seen it strewing their every path with real pleasures. They indeed who are truly pious have deep sorrow, but Godly sorrow worketh repentance not to be repented of, and such sorrow is always attended or followed by substantial enjoyment. They too are liable to bodily sufferings in common with their fellow men, but these sufferings are greatly alleviated by tracing them to the hand of their Heavenly Father, inflicted in covenant faithfulness. We have already observed that the pious are as susceptible of innocent pleasures from the objects of time and sense as others, and in addition to these they have a new world of pleasures opened to them, in the presence, the perfections, and operations of the God they love and the Saviour in whom they trust. Hence it is abundantly manifest that they cannot be gloomy and unhappy when in the lively exercise of grace.

The conclusion that they are unhappy, results from a disrelish for the pleasures which they taste. Inquire from the sacred oracles whether pious Patriarchs who walked with God had not more exalted joys than others around them. Contemplate the pious Psalmist surveying the works of God around him, above him, and towards him. And did not he taste delights with which the stranger intermeddled not? Ask the pious youth, who, like Isaac, meditates in the field, or, like Nathanael, prays in the grove, whether he has not elevated pleasures from contemplating the works and providences of God? He knows by experience that wisdom's ways are pleasantness and all her paths are peace. Ask the aged Christian, bowed down under infirmities, where his hope and his comfort lie. He will tell you, in finding his God and his Redeemer every where.

2. From our subject we infer what folly attends the pursuit of the pleasures of sin or of sense as our chief good when true piety offers us more abundant, elevated, and durable pleasures in searching out the perfections of God as manifested in his works, his providence, and his word, to which we have daily access. Yet how common is this folly. What multitudes are blind to all

the moral beauties of God's kingdom, deaf to all the delights which attend the ear which humbly and gratefully listens to his voice, and dead to all spiritual pleasures. This is not their misfortune, but their crime. They are voluntary in their disrelish and disregard for religious pleasures. This their folly is excuseless, because when they might know God and trace his perfections with delight, they glorify him not as God nor are thankful, but voluntarily become vain in their imaginations and their foolish hearts are darkened and debased. Be instructed then, ye who are panting for pleasures that can satisfy a rational and immortal mind, O be persuaded to seek them in the pious contemplation of the works and ways of God. Here is a source of happiness stable and durable as the throne of God.

Finally let those who know something of these pleasures of communion with God, in tracing his perfections and works in creation, providence, and redemption, be stimulated not to rest satisfied with occasional glimpses of the Divine glories with which you are surrounded. Be habitually alive to spiritual contemplations. Let every ray of the Divine glory which emanates from his works or from his word, be attracting your attentions and your affections more entirely and intensely to the fountain head. Aspire after more and more devout discoveries of God and the spiritual joys which attend them, till you shall be gathered to his blissful presence, where is fulness of joy, and to his right hand, where are pleasures forevermore.

{For the Monitor.}

REPLY TO A LETTER IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

My dear Sister,

ALL your last Letter had a rallying influence on all the better feelings of my heart—but there is one sentence which fastens itself upon me: and I shall try to mix it with every social feeling of my soul—It is this—“*Can it be that we shall live only to eternize the miseries of the minds we love and fain would bless?*”

Ah, my Sister, how stands the case between you and me? What has been the moral character of the influence which we have exerted over each other? We were both taught by the spirit of grace, if indeed we are now taught, the very first time we looked each other in the eye. We think it one of those rare providences in our lives, which requires our deepest gratitude, that we were permitted to meet and love each other. But what will be its consequences on our future happiness? When we arrive in eternity, shall we discover that we are less holy; that our acquisitions in divine knowledge and holiness have been diminished by the deleterious influence which our very mutual love is now exerting on each other? What can we say to this? We have almost daily prayed for each other, and we are ever glad to make any sacrifice for the happiness of our friend.—And we have thought that the dear Saviour himself approves of our special devotion to each other, and has given us an example in his special friendship for his beloved disciple John. And we have felt too, that this connexion of ours was not a temporary thing, but would be immortal—renewed and consummated in eternity. But if it should appear in eternity, that this very love which now makes us so happy, had been the means, if not of “eternizing our misery,” yet the means of diminishing our happiness, of making us saints of an inferior order there,—think you, this consideration will give a relish to our friendship, make it flourish with lovelier blossoms, or a richer fragrance in eternity? Think you we should recall these happy hours which we spend in corresponding, and our still happier meetings, with delight, and happiness, and gratitude? And sing the celestial hosanna in a united strain of livelier ecstasy! Ah, no. The very thought would chill our souls, repel us from each other, and make us weep in anguish that we were ever friends. Oh, then, my Sister, if we design to have our *friendship as immortal as our souls*—if we would re-unite in heaven with perfect love, and there trace our present affection through all its incipient mazes while on earth, up to its consummation, with more than angelic ecstasy; let us

improve the moral and religious character of each other as much as it is possible. Let us not fail in *this duty*, whatever else we fail in. If, when you arrive at heaven, you desire to see me flying with the wings of a seraph to meet you at the very gate—nay, if you wish me to be the angel sent by the Saviour to wait at your dying bed, and to embrace your spirit the moment it has gained its release, and to be your companion and your guide, on your way to heaven, up to the very throne of the Lamb,—hear him bid you *welcome to Paradise*—welcome to one of the many mansions which he has prepared for the righteous—welcome to the society of the blest and the holy; the angels, and the ancient saints,—welcome to the society of your own dear kindred and friends,—welcome to the new Jerusalem, the city of Jehovah and the Lamb.—If you wish me to walk with you about Zion, upon her *golden streets* and her *sea of glass mingled with fire*, to drink of the pure river of water, clear as crystal that flows from the throne, and to eat of the ever-ripening fruits of the tree of life on either side of the river, and, especially, to enjoy your first enrapturing view of the glorious Redeemer himself, and to worship with you, when you first bow down before his glorious throne,—I say, if you wish me to participate with you in these unearthly joys, then, learn me how to be a *better Christian*, as well as a *better friend*: learn me to love our common Friend, our Saviour, more ardently, and to be his more faithful servant.

I have heard how Infidels have formed friendships with Infidels; and how clubs of them have afforded each other every assurance in their power, that, in their fatal principles, there would be found safety and happiness beyond the grave. I have seen the wicked leagued with the wicked for mutual support, so that one might sustain the guilty conscience of his friend; silence its reprovings; and encourage him in his ruinous practices. But I always ask myself, will such friendship endure beyond the grave? When punishment shall have overwhelmed the guilty soul, the bonds of their affection will be broken. Will that soul then feel any emo-

tion of gratitude, or of love towards the companion who seduced him from the practice of virtue, and encouraged him in his career of guilt, till the practice of vice had become familiar, and reformation impossible? Oh, no! He will feel, superadded to the common hatred which one ruined soul feels towards another, an intenser hatred, a malignity unutterable towards his seducers, the companions and encouragers of his guilt, whom he will remember as the murderers of his soul, and the cause of his interminable torment. But for these men, he will say, perhaps I might have *shone as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever.*

What love, what friendship is this that carries such ruinous consequences in its train—that destroys its object! Do you not fear, my Sister, that friendships which in their influence *eternize human miseries*, are very numerous? I fancy I meet with them in every part of our country. I see them existing between parents and their dear children, between brothers and sisters, between individuals of distant families. They love and fain would make each other happy, and would do it *indeed*, if there were no hereafter. But their schemes of happiness, like their schemes of immortality, are bounded by the grave; and they never imagine that, in the present moment, they can render their friend service in the future world,—service, which, when it is carried forward to eternity, will be of inestimable value; compared with which the little kindnesses of the day bear no proportion: and that, by connecting the *present* with the *future* in associating with our friend, and by this alone, we lay a broad foundation for an interminable friendship. Oh that kindred and friends would carry their thoughts and feelings forward to the coming world, and, in all their social intercourse and schemes of happiness, would connect the present with the future, earth with heaven,—for they do come together,—they meet,—our existence is not discontinued a while at the grave—it goes right on, and enters instantly to the unseen world. Then, why should all our hopes and good designs pause and stand still on the margin of the grave? *Ah! we can eternize the misery of*

those we love ; of those for whose happiness we would willingly offer up our own.

And we can eternize their happiness too. That dear woman who taught me from the Bible that I am immortal,—that there is another world,—that I have a Creator and a Saviour, whom I ought to love,—and who taught me how to love them, and who conversed so often with me about the other world, that it has become almost as familiar with my thoughts as the present is, and engages my affections and my hopes far more strongly,—that woman is my own dear *Mother*, and my best *earthly friend*. Every thing dear to me shall be sacrificed to her happiness while she lives here. But in heaven shall I forget *my mother* ? Ah, no, it is impossible. She who taught my lips to pronounce my Saviour's name, and my heart, while very young, to love him, and who has always been, to this very hour, studious to improve my character, kindly pruning away some fault, or cultivating some incipient virtue ; who is the soul of all my earthly happiness ; and to whom, as a guardian Angel from the Lord, I owe all my hopes of happiness in Jesus' name,—this is the friend whom I expect to love in heaven as I shall love no angel and no saint. Not for St. John or Gabriel shall I feel such an intense affection as for my mother. It must be so ; for every glow of happiness which I shall feel in heaven will remind me of some prayer, some counsel, or some example of hers, which has added to my *eternal felicity*. Gratitude to my excellent mother will mingle with every thought and emotion of my soul. Jesus, who blessed me with such a parent, and to whom I shall owe all the happiness which heaven bestows upon me, will alone command my supreme love.

I mention these things, my dear Sister, as reasons why I think friendship may be as immortal as our souls ; and also to show you under what responsibility we act in the sacred relation of friends. *Surely, then, every friend will eternize either the misery or the happiness of those he loves.*

And now, how is it in fact with you and me ? I owe you much for your Christian admonitions, counsels, and

prayers. But I fear I have done worse than nothing for you. May Heaven forgive me, and, by the influence of these overpowering motives now before me, teach me to do better.

Yours, L. L***.

[For the Monitor.]

UTILITY OF KNOWLEDGE.

ATTAINMENTS in knowledge, moral virtue, and benevolent exertion, are with propriety considered both reputable and valuable in all civilized countries. They seem to elevate the character and condition of society, by giving enlargement to the powers and capacities of mental nature, and by opening a more extended sphere of influence to those individuals who desire to befriend any suffering portion of the human family. Among no class of mankind, however, is this sort of acquisition more desirable and promising than among those who compose the rising generation, who are fast stepping into more high and influential walks of life. The philanthropist, therefore, whatever be his condition or calling, or wherever he live and act his part in the world, will consider this portion of his fellow beings, like young fruit-trees in the fields of society, *peculiarly* interesting and promising, and *especially* deserving attention, care, and moral cultivation.

This prospect must, indeed, be animating and full of encouragement, when you behold the young, that rising hope of the country, in obedience to the counsels of wisdom, timely engaged to seize every opportunity, every means, every lesson of appropriate instruction, in order to improve, for purposes of future usefulness and final enjoyment, those moral and immortal powers and faculties of mind, which distinguish and ennoble the character of men. To see those in the morning of life, making the requisite sacrifices for intellectual and moral improvement, and thus taking a promising direction both for themselves and others, is, like the rising sun, pleasant and cheering. It is readily confessed that I am

never more delighted than when I see any young immortals soberly in earnest to have their minds enlightened, their views elevated, their range of thought widened, their reasoning powers strengthened, and their judgment matured—than when I see them resolutely watchful to suppress the rising of rough and angry passions, to guard against erring and wayward steps, to establish a course of good moral habits, and to seek in all lawful ways to sustain a fair and respectable character—and especially when, in addition to these and the attendant refinements of taste in regard to propriety of thought, word, and action, I see them, according to the Christian statute, giving a diligent and sober attention to their own hearts, those internal fountains of life or death to the soul, and devoutly seeking to have them *so* rectified by grace and so enriched with divine love as to afford within them an ever-growing motive to every kind of benevolent enterprise and action.

How immensely important, in regard to future generations is it, to give a timely and useful direction to the literary, moral, and religious movement of those, who are coming upon the stage of action. Nothing can be named which claims a higher regard. He who is enabled to contribute any thing to aid this promising object, whether in the capacity of a parent, a teacher, an editor, or a preacher, will surely receive the cordial approbation of the wise and virtuous of every denomination and description.

The day, in which we live, is obviously a day of special favor and promise to the rising generation. Of this every one will be convinced when, with enlarged view, he surveys the scientific and moral movements of the world, particularly those of our own country. Within the last thirty years, a thirst for knowledge has prominently appeared, a spirit of inquiry among the general mass of society has been waking up, and unusual efforts of various kinds have been making to diffuse information throughout our country population. This is evident to every observer. District schools have been multiplied and put in better condition; public schools and academies have become much more numerous and

popular; and a liberal education is far more frequently sought and obtained. It is an undoubted fact that the number of those, who are now shaping their course for the high walks of science and literature, is far greater than in any former period. Nor can it be denied that there is *now* a general and *rapid progress* in the improvement of every useful art and science. The young, therefore, in order to acquit themselves with honor and advantage, should wake up to useful inquiries, take fast hold of instruction, and make laudable calculations to move with the general current, and rise with the rising tide of improvement.

It is true, indeed, that a college education is within the reach of but *comparatively* few; nevertheless, such are the facilities which this enlightened age and country offer, that every youth who feels himself disposed, may acquire that variety of information which will enable him to pass the career of life reputably for himself, and beneficially for his fellow men. Nor is there any want of those motives and inducements, which are proper and justifiable, to influence those, for whose benefit this paper is principally designed. Let the young soberly look forward, consider the rapid movement of time, and see one generation passing away, while they themselves are coming up in their stead. In the place of the father will *soon* be the son. In the place of the teacher will *soon* be the scholar. In place of the many, who are, in general, now active in the concerns of societies, towns, cities, countries, and churches, will *soon* be the rising generation. What high and solemn responsibilities await the young! Let them make timely and answerable exertions to sustain the same with honor to themselves, with benefit to their fellow mortals, and with the approbation of him whose favor is life.

Permit me, Mr. Editor, to inform you that I am gratified in perusing the Monitor, and deem it a seasonable and promising work. It deserves encouragement and patronage. It conveys rich portions of solid, interesting, and appropriate instruction to that class of readers, for whose benefit it is chiefly designed. You will rest in the assurance, that it ever gives me pleasure to encourage a publication which promises to exert a salutary influence.

T. F.

[For the Monitor.]

BIOGRAPHICAL READING.

THE trite maxim that "a man is known by the company he keeps," is replete with instruction. To associate familiarly with others, and remain wholly unaffected by such intercourse is impossible. But, our favorite *authors* have no less influence in forming our characters, than our intimate associates. By the former, as well as the latter, a colouring is given to our tempers, our thoughts, our reasoning, our conduct, and our habits. But no reading engraves more deeply on our characters its own impress, than *Biographical*. To say that in choosing books of this kind, we should select the history of the good and great, is therefore superfluous. In perusing such, however, caution is necessary.

To reap the greatest benefit from biographical reading, we must keep in mind both the *advantages*, which it may bring, and the *dangers*, to which it will expose us. Let it be understood that the books of which I now speak are the best of their kind—the history of great and good men.

The *advantages* of such reading will first be exhibited.

It enlarges our acquaintance with the *human character* in general, and *our own* in particular. The grand features of character are the same in all men. Varieties indeed there are, and shades of difference not less numerous than the individuals, which compose our species: yet all these varieties may be reduced to a few *general* features. Their peculiar *form* and the circumstances which render any *one* of them prominent, gives to each man his peculiar character. That ambition is a trait of character peculiar to Cæsar, Cromwell, or Buonaparte no man would attempt to maintain. That it rose in these instances to an uncommon height will be conceded by all. But this passion is found (being depraved, as all men are) in the breast of every human being. By tracing the lineaments of character exhibited in the history of any individual, we are led to compare him with ourselves. In this way, we are greatly

assisted in ascertaining what is our own character. We are put upon examination, and notice things, which before had never distinctly come under observation. We begin to form some definite conceptions respecting our characters. If there are excellencies, we perceive them, and learn in what they consist. Faults and defects are exposed, and traced back to their source. - Circumstances which have conduced to strengthen and perpetuate evil habits, are discovered. We notice more readily, and see more clearly, our own faults by contrasting them with the good qualities of the person, whose biography we are perusing.

The effect of this is to produce *humility*; which is another advantage to be gained by reading Biography.

When the excellencies of good men pass before our minds, we are made to feel our inferiority and worthlessness. Their attainments in piety, the strength and permanency of their Christian principle, makes us ashamed of the inconstancy and weakness of our pious affection, and the tardiness of our progress in the Christian course. Who can read of the zeal, the activity, the fortitude, the self-denial, the holy fervour, the unremitted labours of Zeigenbalg, of Eliot, of Brainerd, of Buchanan, and Martyn, and not sicken at the contrast which his own character will furnish? Who does not blush at his own indolence, when he learns how much has been accomplished by the persevering industry of Watts, Doddridge, Baxter, Edwards, Scott, and many others of a kindred spirit? By their valuable productions—the fruit of their Christian diligence while on earth, they are now doing, and will continue to do for ages, more good than can be estimated.

How low in his own estimation does a man sink in comparison with such bright examples! He shrinks away to nothing. He is lost. His life appears a blank. If he was ever before disposed to think highly of himself, he is now ashamed of that very thought. He knows (for he sees that it has been done by others), that incomparably more good might have been accomplished in a given time. This reflection prostrates

him in deep humiliation. But may we expect that, under this impression, he will sink down in despair and total inactivity? Will he be so sensible of his weakness as never to make another effort to exert the little strength which he may have? By no means. The contrary will be the effect.

He will be aroused to *greater activity*, he will put forth a *mightier* effort.

Having discovered his defects, and having them brought distinctly before him by contrast, he immediately engages in the work of reform. The example of others encourages him. Men, like himself, have been instrumental of accomplishing great good. He is inspired by hope. What he is about to undertake is possible, is practicable. Strenuous, persevering effort is indeed necessary, but certain success will follow. That such has been the effect of biographical reading, in a multitude of instances, cannot be controverted.

It is impossible to say how great an influence the reading of Brainerd's life had in forming the missionary character of Martyn. It is most evident that it gave a powerful impulse to his mind, and greatly strengthened his resolution to wear out his life in missionary labours. And, who can estimate the amount of good, which has resulted, and is to result, from the reading of Martyn's own life? No Christian can arise from its perusal without being fired with new zeal and gathering new strength. His heart will melt into greater tenderness and commiseration for perishing sinners, and glow with a more intense desire for their salvation. His conviction of the necessity of making vigorous exertions to increase in personal holiness will be greatly heightened. This conviction will be followed by corresponding efforts.

To be continued.

[For the Monitor.]

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HELEN AND ELIZA.

Helen. I am happy to see you, dear Eliza, and hope you have come to pass the afternoon with me.

Eliza. No, Helen, I am going to the Reading and Working Society, and called for you to accompany me.

Helen. O dear, does it meet to day? I had entirely forgotten it, and cannot possibly go.

Eliza. Don't say so---it is a long time since you have attended, and we greatly need your assistance.

Helen. Well, I really wish I could go, but 'tis impossible. See here; I must finish this gown before I sleep.—To-morrow evening I am to be a wedding guest, and this very gown I intend to wear.

Eliza. But surely, cousin, you have others.—I hope you will not let this prevent you from going. We have much work in our society basket now, and the young ladies are so negligent about attending, we have not had more than four or five for several weeks past.

Helen. No more? Are there not above forty who belong to the Society?

Eliza. There are; yet since it is no longer a novelty, they are extremely indifferent. They all have some excuse to be sure for non-attendance; yet it is evident that want of inclination is the real cause. Last week I called on several and invited their attendance. One had forgotten the day, and was pre-engaged; another had work to do at home; and a third had a severe headach; but afterwards, I was told, she walked two miles to a singing-school.

Helen. Well, don't be uncharitable, cousin; it is sometimes very inconvenient to attend. Some of the members live at a distance, and all have not so much time at command as you have.

Eliza. I know it all, and am willing to make every reasonable allowance. It is true that some of the ladies are at a distance from the place of meeting, and others, *sometimes*, have hindrances. Yet you know, notwithstanding all this, at a party of pleasure there is no difficulty in collecting a company of forty or fifty; whereas if we have a dozen at a society meeting, we congratulate ourselves, and speak of it as a thing quite out of common course; and so indeed it is. Besides, it is not unfrequent that these parties are invited on the same day of our meetings, and by members of the soci-

ety too. Is it not apparent, dear Helen, that we do not feel that interest in the object of our society which its immense importance demands? The missionaries are bearing the heat and burden of the day in a foreign land; they are suffering many hardships and privations, and shall we, who are surrounded by the conveniences and elegancies of life, think it too much to work one afternoon in a week for the object in which they are engaged? The heathen are perishing for the bread of life; will not their blood be required at our hands?

Helen. Well, I know I have been too remiss; but after all it is so little that we girls can do, by making pincushions, reticules, &c.

Eliza. Don't say so; if every one who has the ability would do a little, what would be the aggregate! The ocean is made of drops, you know. The Juvenile Society in B., by manufacturing these trifling articles of which you speak so contemptuously, earned in one year forty dollars. This sum added to their assessments amounted to sixty dollars. O! if we only felt the worth of souls, we could do even more than this, here.

My Helen, let us be more engaged in this good cause. Consider how short the time is; these hands of ours will ere long forget their cunning, and be mouldering in the grave. Do you think works of this kind will be amongst the rumour of those we shall think of with pain on a dying-bed, or when we stand waiting for our sentence, at the judgment seat of Christ!

Helen. O no, no! I have been awfully guilty—how shall I then answer for so much misspent time. I have often, from the most trivial cause, absented myself from our society meetings, and spent the afternoon in fabricating some article of finery to decorate this poor dying form, which will soon be the repast of worms.

Eliza. The hour of meeting has now arrived, and I must bid you good afternoon, unless you accompany me.

Helen. I will go, most certainly. I could enjoy nothing at home now; and the gown appears of no consequence.

Eliza. That is right, my ever dear Helen, we will go together, and may the Lord crown our humble efforts with success.

The following Note exhibits so much *genuine modesty*, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of printing it.

ED.

MR. WILBUR,

Your excellent Monitor is constantly read in a society of young ladies, of which I am a member, the utility of which is greatly impeded by the disadvantages hinted at in the above dialogue. It is written in great haste, but if any one will have the charity to correct it, or write another upon the same subject for your publication, *it may do good*.

[For the Monitor.]

SOLITUDE.

“WHOSOEVER is delighted in solitude as either a wild beast or a god!” A strange sentiment, surely, thought I, as my eye glanced rapidly over the sentence. I read it again and again, and here, my young readers, is the result of my cogitations on this “wise saying.” Mankind, in most cases, we know, are fond of associating with their own species. The mutual change of kind offices and tender sympathies produces present enjoyment, and that of a very exquisite kind. Motives of interest too have more or less influence in cementing the bands of society. No wonder, then, since the claims of society are so various and so strong, that few are disposed voluntarily to exclude themselves from those pleasures and privileges which are never found in solitude. Nor is it strange that the few instances which occur, of entire exclusion from society, should create general excitement and lead every reflecting man to inquire into the cause of such strange conduct.

An examination of the character of these recluses will solve the whole difficulty. If practicable, men will always pursue the object of their inclination; whatever course of life affords the most enjoyment will, invariably, meet their choice. The isolated individual, therefore, who has voluntarily deserted society, derives en-

joyment from *some* source, and, so long as he manifests no inclination to return, it cannot be supposed that his enjoyments are of the nature of those which are found in mingling our pleasures and interests with those of our fellow-creatures. They must, then, be of a grosser or purer kind. He must be "a wild beast or a god;" and if we have such strange human beings in our world, it would be well to stop and look at them.

The savage wanderer apparently derives his highest gratification from ranging his native woods, and seems to possess a share of that wildness which characterizes the original occupants of these solitary regions. His happiness, indeed, results principally from the gratification of his corporeal appetites, and those fierce passions which make human beings so much resemble the wild beasts of the forest; and yet the Indian can hardly be persuaded to exchange his retreat for the pleasures of civilized life. But a character like this, we are ready to say, can never be formed in the midst of social life. The man, however, who quits society, unless his mind be elevated above the mass of human beings, derives his chief enjoyment from the gratification of passions as *degrading*, at least, if not as wild, as those which the savage exhibits. He has, for some reason, become disgusted with society, and prefers the low-lived pleasure of brooding over his real or imaginary sufferings, and the solitary and uninterrupted indulgence of his sloth and the malignant passions of his soured and discontented mind, to all the luxury attending the free exercise of the generous feelings of our nature. Or his mind may possess that cold and spiritless character, which renders him incapable of participating in social enjoyment, and better fits him for the life of a beast.

Notwithstanding, however, there is satisfactory evidence that a great majority of those instances of voluntary exile, which occur in the world, arise from the most unworthy motives; yet we hazard nothing in asserting that, occasionally, a choice spirit "is delighted in solitude," purely from the exercise of his intellectual and moral powers. Where the course of life results from choice, in the one case as well as in the other, it

must lay open some source of enjoyment. The peculiar *kind* can only be ascertained from the character of the individual; and, surely, these choice spirits must be uncommonly elevated in their views, and occupied with subjects which afford very high gratification, or they would not be unwilling to have their solitude interrupted, occasionally at least, by the pleasures of society. There is something in their character which, in some measure, assimilates them to the Divinity.

But however vigorous the exercise of the mental faculties, and however wide the compass of thought on subjects merely intellectual, the pleasure becomes low and debasing when compared with that refined and soul-ravishing delight which contemplations purely spiritual create. Surely when the soul holds communion with Deity himself, some sacred emanations must lastingly impress the divine image. It must receive impressions which partake, in a greater or less degree, of the character of God himself. It has an unction from on high. The divine image is stamped on the very heart, and the sacred lineaments of the Divinity appear in the whole character. The Revelator, while on the solitary isle of Patmos, undoubtedly found enjoyments far more exquisite than at any other period of his life; and they were certainly of the most heavenly kind, for they resulted from immediate intercourse with heaven, and discoveries of the glory of God. And here we should recollect, that, from the very constitution of the human mind, habits of solitary devotion have a very powerful influence in bringing into exercise, and cherishing, those emotions which make man heavenly-minded and godlike. Such habits cannot be too early or too assiduously cultivated, and we should remember too, that nothing so much degrades the human character, and destroys rational enjoyment, as the indulgence of those passions which put us out of humour with the world, and prompt us to withdraw from the society of our own species. But the sentiment at the bottom of this short but pithy saying, is by no means exclusively exemplified in the character of those who shut themselves entirely from the world. The stronger the passion for solitude, the

more are its votaries assimilated to the Divinity, or the ferocious beast of the forest, but it not unfrequently happens, that those who cultivate the purer pleasures of retirement, possess a high relish for society, and after participating in its enjoyments, can return to their beloved and chosen solitude, with a keener appetite for its appropriate pursuits and peculiar delights. W.

"THE MOON AND STARS, A FABLE."

"ON the fourth day of Creation, when the sun, after a glorious but solitary course, went down in the evening, and darkness began to gather over the face of the uninhabited globe already arrayed in exuberance of vegetation, and prepared by the diversity of land and water for the abode of uncreated animals and man,—a star, single and beautiful, stepped forth into the firmament. Trembling with wonder and delight in new-found existence, she looked abroad, and beheld nothing in heaven or on earth resembling herself. But she was not long alone, now one, then another, here a third, and there a fourth, resplendent companion had joined her, till light after light stealing through the gloom, in the lapse of an hour, the whole hemisphere was brilliantly bespangled.

The planets and stars, with a superb comet flaming in the zenith, for a while contemplated themselves and each other; and every one from the largest to the least was so perfectly well pleased with himself, that he imagined the rest only partakes of his felicity,—he being the central luminary of his own universe, and all the hosts of heaven beside displayed around him in graduated splendour. Nor were any undeceived with regard to themselves, though all saw their associates in their real situations and relative proportions, self-knowledge being the last knowledge acquired either in the sky or below it,—till bending over the ocean in their turns, they discovered what they imagined, at first to be a new heaven, peopled with beings of their

own species; but when they perceived further that no sooner had any one of their company touched the horizon than he instantly disappeared, they then recognized themselves in their individual forms, reflected beneath according to their places and configurations above, from seeing others whom they previously knew, reflected in like manner. By an attentive but mournful self-examination in that mirror, they slowly learned humility, but every one learned it only for himself, none believing what others insinuated respecting their own inferiority, till they reached the western slope from whence they could identify their true images in the nether element. Nor was this very surprising,—stars being only visible points, without any distinction of limbs, each was all eye, and though he could see others most correctly, he could neither see himself, nor any part of himself—till he came to reflection! The comet, however, having a long train of brightness streaming sunward, *could* review that, and did review it with ineffable self-complacency:—indeed, after all pretensions to precedence, he was at length acknowledged king of the hemisphere, if not by the universal assent, by the silent envy of all his rivals."

"But the object which attracted most attention and astonishment, too, was a slender thread of light, that scarcely could be discerned through the blush of evening, and vanished soon after nightfall, as if ashamed to appear in so scanty a form, like an unfinished work of creation. It was the moon,—the first new moon:—timidly, she looked round upon the glittering multitude, that crowded through the dark serenity of space, and filled it with life and beauty. Minute indeed they seemed to her, but perfect in symmetry, and formed to shine for ever; while, she was unshapen, incomplete, and evanescent. In her humility, she was glad to hide herself from their keen glances in the friendly bosom of the ocean, wishing for immediate extinction. When she was gone, the stars looked one at another with inquisitive surprise, as much as to say, "What a figure!" It was so evident, that they all thought alike, and thought contemptuously of the ap-

parition, (though at first they almost doubted whether they should not be frightened,) that they soon began to talk freely concerning her,—of course, not with audible accents, but in the language of intelligent sparkles, in which stars are accustomed to converse with telegraphic precision from one end of Heaven to the other,—and which no dialect on earth so nearly resembles as the language of eyes,—the only one, probably, that has survived in its purity, not only the confusion of Babel, but the revolutions of all ages. Her crooked form, which they deemed a violation of the order of nature, and her shyness, equally unlike the frank intercourse of stars, were ridiculed and censured from pole to pole; for what good purpose such a monster could have been created, not the wisest could conjecture; yet, to tell the truth, every one, though glad to be countenanced in the affection of scorn by the rest, had secret misgivings concerning the stranger, and envied the delicate brilliancy of her light, while she seemed but the fragment of a sunbeam,—they, indeed, knew nothing about the sun,—detached from a long line, and exquisitely bended."

"All the gay company, however, quickly returned to the admiration of themselves and the inspection of each other. What became of them, when they descended into the ocean, they could not determine; some imagined that they ceased to be; others that they transmigrated into new forms, while a third party thought it probable, as the earth was evidently convex, that their departed friends travelled through an under-arching sky, and might hereafter re-ascend from the opposite quarter. In this hypothesis they were confirmed by the testimony of the stars that came from the east, who unanimously asserted, that they had been pre-existent for several hours in a remote region of sky, over continents and seas now invisible to them; and, moreover, that when they rose here they had actually seemed to set there. Thus the first night passed away. But when the east began to dawn, consternation seized the whole army of celestials, each feeling himself fainting into invisibility, and as he feared into nothingness, while his

neighbours were, one after another, totally disappearing. At length the sun arose, and filled the heavens, and clothed the earth with his glory. How *he* spent that day belongs not to this history; but it is elsewhere recorded, that for the first time from eternity, the lark on the wings of the morning sprung up to salute him, the eagle at noon looked undazzled on his splendour, and when he went down beyond the deep, Leviathan was sporting amidst the multitude of waves."

"Then again, in the evening, the vanished constellations awoke gradually, and on opening their eyes were so rejoiced at meeting together,—not one being wanting of last night's levee,—that they were in the highest good humour with themselves and one another. Tricked in all their beams, and darting their benignest influence, they exchanged smiles and endearments, and made vows of affection eternal and unchangeable; while from this nether orb, the song of the nightingale rose out of darkness, and charmed even the stars in their courses, being the first sound, except the roar of ocean, that they had ever heard. 'The music of the spheres' may be traced to the rapture of that hour."

"The little gleaming horn was again discerned, leaning backward over the western hills. This companionless luminary, they thought,—but they must be mistaken,—it could not be,—and yet they were afraid that it was so,—appeared somewhat stronger than on the former occasion. The moon herself, still only blinking at the scene of magnificence, early escaped beneath the horizon, leaving the comet in proud possession of the sky.—About midnight, the whole congregation, shining in quiet and amicable splendour, as they glided with unfelt and invisible motion through the pure blue fields of æther, were suddenly startled by a phantom of fire, on the approach of which the comet himself turned pale, the planets dwindled into dim specks, and the greater part of the stars swooned utterly away. Shooting upwards, like an arrow of flame, from the east,—in the zenith it was condensed to a globe, with scintillating spires diverging on every side! it paused not a moment there, but rushing with accelerated velocity to—

wards the west, burst into a thousand coruscations, that swept themselves into annihilation before it could be said that they *were*. The blaze of this meteor was so refulgent, that passing blindness struck the constellations, and after they were conscious of its disappearance, it took many twinklings of their eyes before they could see distinctly again. Then with one accord they exclaimed, 'how beautiful! how transient!'—After gravely moralizing for a good while on its enviable glory, but unenviable doom, they were all reconciled to their own milder but more permanent lustre. One pleasant effect was produced by the visit of the stranger,—the comet thenceforward appeared less illustrious in their eyes by comparison with this more gorgeous phenomenon, which, though it came in an instant, and went as it came, never to return, ceased not to shine in their remembrance night after night."

"On the third evening, the moon was so obviously increased in size and splendour, and stood so much higher in the firmament than at first, though she still hastened out of sight, that she was the sole subject of conversation on both sides of the galaxy, till the breeze that awakened newly-created man from his first slumber in Paradise, warned the stars to retire, and the sun, with a pomp never witnessed in our degenerate days, ushered in the great sabbath of creation, when 'the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.'"

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

BIBLE CLASSES.

THE Committee appointed by the General Association of New Hampshire, to consider and report what measures can be adopted by this body to promote the formation and improvement of Sabbath schools and Bible classes, presented the following Report and Constitution which were accepted, adopted, and the subjoined list of officers for the ensuing year were elected.

REPORT.

Your Committee beg leave to report, that they consider the Institutions of Sabbath schools and Bible classes, of inestimable importance to the prosperity of Zion and the interests of the rising generations. They rejoice to find their brethren in Massachusetts publishing, that in that State "the system of Sunday school instruction has been pursued with the happiest results, evincing the preeminent importance and efficacy of this noble expedient of bringing little children to the Saviour, and training up a whole generation for his service. Wherever Bible classes have been established, their influence has been most powerful and salutary. In several instances the Spirit of God has so signally honoured this Institution by his accompanying influence, as clearly to show, that it is a most efficient instrument of bringing the young to the saving knowledge of the Gospel." They believe that similar results have usually attended these Institutions in other parts of the Lord's vineyard. They would therefore submit the following resolutions to be adopted by this Body.

Resolved, 1st. That the General Association of New Hampshire, earnestly recommend to all the Pastors and churches connected with their Body, to take prompt and efficient measures to organize schools for the children, and Bible classes for the young people, in all their congregations.

2ndly. That the Delegates from particular Associations in this state, be expected every year, in giving an account of the state of religion, to mention the number of Sunday schools and Bible classes in the Congregations which they represent, the degree of interest taken in them, and the obvious advantages which result from their establishment.

3dly. That measures be adopted to form a State Sunday school Union,* auxiliary to the American Sunday School Union, and also to organize a State Bible Knowledge Society, which may be the medium, for acquiring, originating, and disseminating a knowledge of the best

* This Sunday School Union was organized.

methods of forming, conducting, and benefiting Bible classes, or other ways of increasing Bible knowledge.

Your Committee have likewise examined the Bible class Text Book, Sunday School Testament, and proposed edition of the Reference Bible, by the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, and fully concur in the recommendations which have been given by great numbers of literary and clerical gentlemen, and especially in the one given by the General Association of Massachusetts. They would therefore recommend them to the notice of this Body, and through this Body to the public, as eminently well adapted to aid Pastors, Teachers, and Parents, in communicating Scriptural knowledge, and promoting vital piety, in Bible classes, Sunday schools, Common schools, and private families. In conclusion, your Committee would congratulate Zion on her prospects, that the next generation of her children will possess eminent qualifications, united with Scriptural and ardent zeal, for extending her conquests in a revolted world.

By order of the Committee.

WILLIAM COGSWELL, *Chairman.*

CONSTITUTION.

ART. 1. This Society shall be called The Bible Knowledge Society of New Hampshire.

2. It shall consist of the members of the General Association of New Hampshire, for the time being, and of such other persons, as shall be duly elected, or subscribe the requisite sum for constituting membership.

3. The object of this Society shall be to promote the formation and prosperity of Bible Classes; to collect and disseminate knowledge of the best methods of conducting them, and of their practical utility.

4. Any person may become a member of the Society by subscribing one dollar to be paid annually, and any person may become a member for life, by paying into the treasury, at any one time, ten dollars.

5. The Society shall meet annually on Wednesday, the week of the annual meeting of the General Association of New Hampshire, at 8 o'clock, A. M.

6. Besides the Moderator and Clerk of the Annual Meeting, who shall be the same as the Moderator and Scribe of the General Association for the time being, the officers of the Society shall be a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, and twelve other Directors; six clergymen and six laymen, (five of whom shall constitute a quorum,) and an Auditor; the Treasurer and Auditor always to be laymen; all of whom shall be chosen by ballot.

7. The Directors shall meet annually, at the time and place of the meeting of the General Association, and at such other times and places, as they shall appoint, and may adopt such rules, and appoint such Committees as they may judge conducive to the objects of the Institution; and take such other measures, from time to time, as they shall think expedient for carrying into effect the objects of the Society. They shall make report annually to the Society of their proceedings.

8. The Treasurer shall take charge of the funds of the Society, managing them and keeping his accounts, under such regulations, as shall, from time to time, be prescribed by the Directors.

9. The Secretary shall faithfully record the proceedings of the Directors, and in their name, correspond with those who may have business to transact in connexion with the Institution, and others, as he shall deem conducive to its interests.

10. This Constitution shall not be altered, except at an annual meeting of the Society, and with the concurrence of two thirds of the members present.

By order of the Committee.

WILLIAM COGSWELL, *Chairman.*

A true copy,

Attest, PHINEHAS COOKE,
Scribe of Gen. Association.

Officers.

Rev. John H Church, D. D. *President.*

Hon. John Vose, *Vice President.*

Rev. Jonathan Curtis, *Secretary.*

Mr. John W. Shepherd, *Treasurer.*

Directors.

Professor Adams	Rev. J. Carpenter
Judge Darling	Rev. A. Burnham
Doctor Kittredge	Rev. J. Ward.
Newton Whittlesey, Esq.	Rev. J. W. Putnam
George Woodward, Esq.	Rev. E. L. Parker
Deac. D. Bartlett	Rev. B. Perry

S. Fletcher, Esq. *Auditor.*

Londonderry, Sept. 10, 1824.

BIBLE CLASSES IN SALEM.

WHEN learning that more than 500 young people united with the Bible classes when they were first organized in Salem, Dr. Beecher remarked, "they will soon have a revival there." We were recently informed that the Bible class meetings in the society of Rev. Mr. Cornelius are second to none of their private meetings, in the deep and solemn interest which is taken in their exercises, in this season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; and that they have contributed much to promote the good work there. We presume the same is true in the other Congregations in Salem where Bible classes are established. We expect soon to receive accounts for publication from their respective Pastors.

[For the Monitor.]

TO THE LUKEWARM CHRISTIAN.

HE who lags in the Christian race falls far behind the active spirit of the times. The church is beginning to look up from her low state of inaction, and shame be to the man who composes himself to the sleep of uselessness. The Jews—the Africans—all the world, are to be regenerated; but what can a *feeble* piety do towards producing such mighty effects? "The Sacra-

mental hosts of God's elect," with "the King of glory" at their head, are on their way to universal dominion, armed for the battle, and moving onward with the sure and rapid strides of victory over the powers of darkness and the gods of the heathen. The attendant heralds are crying, "Come ye up to this battle!"

But you, inactive Christian, who did once answer this challenge, put on the armor, and join yourself to the ranks, have now become deaf to those heralds' voice, have put off that armor for the trappings of worldly honor, and have deserted those ranks to lie down and slumber. While you slumber, the hosts are marching forward to conquest; the battle is fought, the victory is won, but *you* are not there.

XAVIER.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

Not long since in one of our Sea ports, a lady, from mere motives of curiosity, was attracted to a Bible class meeting. Unexpectedly to herself, she became deeply interested in the exercises, and at their close took a Bible class Text Book, for the purpose of attending again as a member of the class. After returning home, she began to read this system of questions in which the answers are Scripture language entirely, followed by a question or two addressed directly to the conscience and the heart, and continued *reading* it in *course* two or three hours. The sword of the Spirit wounded and alarmed her. She retired to bed, but slept little;—she arose with her anxiety and convictions of her sinfulness deepened: nor did they leave her till she cherished the hope of having been renewed by the Holy Spirit.

A WIDOWED mother of a young family in a country Parish where a flourishing Bible class exists, hearing more than usual said of the value of the Bible, and the importance of becoming intimately acquainted with its truths, began to think that she must read her Bible more than once a week, as she had before done. She deter-

mined to read it once a day, and when beginning to read it every day, she presently felt that she must attempt to pray; and while she read and attempted to pray, she became convinced that she was a sinner; that she deserved and was exposed to everlasting perdition; that she needed an infinite atonement and an Almighty Saviour to rescue her from destruction. She is now cherishing a hope of an interest in the great salvation, and is regularly calling her little ones around the family altar to be instructed from the Bible and borne on her prayers to the throne of grace.

EPITAPH.

The following Epitaph is inscribed over the grave of one whose worth we wish to record on our pages, where we shall in some future number give a more full account of him.

Sacred to the memory
Of the Rev. BACKUS WILBUR, A. M.
Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Dayton,
Who departed this life on the 29th of Sept. A. D. 1818,
In the thirtieth year of his age,
Five weeks after his ordination.
By a mysterious dispensation of Providence,
He was cut off,
In the morning of life, and in the midst of usefulness.
In him were combined those qualities
Which constitute the exemplary Christian and the
Faithful pastor.
Zeal united with charity,
Firmness with humility and meekness,
Gravity, tempered with
Affability, prudence, diligence, and perseverance,
Were among the rich endowments
Of this devoted servant of Jesus Christ.
As a preacher
He was evangelical, instructive, practical, and impressive
His prayers, sermons, conversation,
And unblamable life,
And especially his dying admonitions,

Will long be held in pleasing remembrance by them,
"He being dead yet speaketh."

Reader! pause,

And contemplate the uncertainty of human things
 And adore the Providence of him
*Who worketh all things after the council of his own will,
 But whose judgments are unsearchable,
 And his ways past finding out.*
 Art thou young? Yet dost thou stand
 Upon the brink of the grave,
 And although the tongue, which once warned you,
 Lies silent in this tomb,
 Yet from this tomb a solemn warning issues,
Be ye therefore also ready.

EVENING, AN EXTRACT.

"Let my prayer be—as the evening sacrifice."

SOFTLY now the light of
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labour free
 Lord, I would commune with Thee!
 Thou whose all pervading eye
 Nought escapes, without, within,
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon, for me the light of day
 Shall forever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee!
 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known,
 All of man's infirmity;
 Then, from thy eternal throne,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M: W. H: and Adoniram, have been received.—We exceedingly regret that some original Poetry, designed for this Number, has been mislaid, and we are obliged to use selected.